

## EMERGENCY PROCEDURES TABS

T.O. 1T-38C-1CL-1

PILOT'S  
ABBREVIATED  
BAR ROOM  
CHECKLIST  
USAF SERIES  
T-38C  
AIRCRAFT

The Boeing Company  
F050243-25-C-0069

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5 FEBRUARY 1943

HYDRAULIC

ELECTRICAL

FUEL

OXYGEN

ENGINE

FLIGHT  
CONTROLS

TAKEOFF

LANDING  
GEAR

GENERAL

AVIONICS  
MALFUNCTIONS

INTRODUCTION

THE "SHOOTER" PILOT'S HANDBOOK

This book is our thoughts, our songs and our games. Lesser individuals who have never strapped their asses to a piece of flaming metal will consider these of little or no redeeming social value. Because of this, the songs contained in this book are held as sacred by those of us that have. Those people do not know, nor will ever know what it means to be a pilot. This book is not for them...it is for us!!!

THE SHOOTER PILOTS HANDBOOK is a collection of over 75 years of tradition. A tradition that will never die as long as enemy aggression challenges for supremacy of the skies and free men rise to defeat them. "ANYTHING ELSE IS RUBBISH"

"As we stand near the ringing rafters  
The walls around us are bare  
As we echo our peals of laughter  
It seems as though the dead are still there  
So stand by your glasses ready  
Let not tear fill your eye  
Here's to the dead already  
And Hurrah for the next to die!"

For those gone, for those now, and for those to come, this book is our spirit and blood. If you're a SHOOTER, it's yours.....if not,

"BEAT IT, YA FUCK"

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Pigs

"The United States relies on the Air Force and the Air Force has never been the decisive factor in the history of wars." Saddam Hussein (1990)

***Shooter house rules***

Violators of the rules listed here

Will buy the bar a round of cheer

Ringing the Bell in Jest

Wearing a Hat in the Bar

Placing a Hat on the Bar

Barfing or passing out in the bar

Stacking the Dice

Allowing the Dice to hit the floor

Rolling five Naturals in a row

Receiving a Call from Wife or Girlfriend when in the bar

Talking on a cell phone in the bar

Using a Blackberry device in the Bar

Reading the Rules of the Bar (and make no mistake this is a Bar, not

a Fucking lounge) in the Bar

**THE PATCH**

The squadron's insignia is a composite of the ideas of the original squadron personnel which culminated in the officially approved emblem we wear today. It represents an aerial camera with wings, the five bars stand for the 5th Air Force; the red marks at two and five o'clock stand for the 25th; the five stars represent the Southern Cross constellation, and the lance stands for combat.



# OUR HISTORY

The 25th Flying Training Squadron began its proud heritage as the 25<sup>th</sup> Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron on 5 February 1943 at Petersen Field, Colorado. The 25th trained in the F-5, the reconnaissance version of the P-38 Lightning, at Roswell, New Mexico and Thermal, California before being shipped to their first operational base at Port Moresby, New Guinea.<sup>1943</sup> During World War II, the squadron flew reconnaissance missions in support of allied operations in the Pacific and made numerous moves throughout the theater as Allied forces "leap-hopped" their way toward Japan. At the war's end, the 25th was stationed in Okinawa and eventually moved to Japan where the squadron was deactivated in 1949.<sup>2</sup> Reactivated in 1954, the 25th flew RF-84 aircraft out of Larson AFB, Washington, until 1967 when they once again deactivated.~~For Drunken & Disorderly Conduct~~

In 1 November 1972, Air Training Command, desiring to give its units a meaningful heritage on which to build, redesignated the 3567th Pilot Training Squadron at Vance the 25th Flying Training Squadron. Today, the squadron trains student pilots in the Northrop T-38 Talon supersonic jet trainer, and continues the proud heritage passed on from the 25th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron. On 1 July 1993, the 25th Flying Training Squadron became part of the 19th Air Force, Air Education and Training Command.



B-25 Mitchell

## Lineage

Constituted 25th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron on 5 Feb 1943. Redesignated 25th Photographic Squadron (Light) on 6 Feb 1943. Activated on 9 Feb 1943. Redesignated: 25th Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron on 11 Aug 1943; 25th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron on 24 Jan 1946. Inactivated on 1 Apr 1949. Redesignated 25th Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron, Fighter, on 4 Nov 1954. Activated on 24 Jan 1955. Inactivated on 1 Jul 1957. Redesignated 25th Flying Training Squadron on 14 Apr 1972. Activated on 1 Nov 1972.

## Assignments

6th Photographic (later 6th Photographic Reconnaissance and Mapping; 6<sup>th</sup> Photographic Reconnaissance; 6<sup>th</sup> Photographic; 6<sup>th</sup> Reconnaissance) Group, 9 Feb 1943 (attached to V Fighter Command after 10 Feb 1946); V Fighter Command, 27 Apr 1946; 315th Composite Wing, 31 May 1946; 71st Reconnaissance (later, 71st Tactical Reconnaissance) Group, 28 Feb 1947–1 Apr 1949 (attached to 315th Composite Wing to Nov 1947). 71st Strategic Reconnaissance Wing, 24 Jan 1955–1 Jul 1957. 71st Flying Training Wing, 1 Nov 1972; 71st Operations Group, 15 Dec 1991–.

## Stations

Colorado Springs, CO, 9 Feb–22 Oct 1943; Sydney, Australia, 19 Nov 1943; Brisbane, Australia, 25 Nov 1943–19 Jan 1944; Lae, New Guinea, 3 Feb 1944; Nadzab, New Guinea, 7 Feb 1944; Biak, 23 Jul–16 Nov 1944; Dulag, Leyte, 24 Nov 1944; San Jose, Mindoro, 3 Jan 1944 (detachment at Dulag, Leyte, to 6 Feb 1945; air echelon at Clark Field, Luzon, 14 Jun–14 Jul 1945); Okinawa, 9 Jul 1945; Chofu, Japan, 27 Sep 1945; Itazuke AB, Japan, 10 Feb 1946; Itami, Japan, 30 Mar 1946–1 Apr 1949. Larson AFB, WA, 24 Jan 1955–1 Jul 1957. Vance AFB, OK, 1 Nov 1972–.

## Aircraft

In addition to P-38/F-5, 1943–1945, included B-25, 1944; in addition to P-51/F-6, 1946–1949, included L-5, 1946, and F-2, 1947–1948. RF-84, 1955–1957. T-38, 1972–.

**Operations**

Combat in Southwest Pacific and Western Pacific, 5 Feb 1944–14 Aug 1945. Not operationally manned or equipped, Nov 1945–Feb 1946. Photographic reconnaissance in western United States, 1955–1957. Undergraduate pilot training for USAF, Air National Guard, Air Force Reserve, and selected foreign allies, 1 Nov 1972–.

**Honors**

Service Streamers. None.

**Campaign Streamers.**

World War II: Air Offensive, Japan; China Defensive; New Guinea; Bismarck Archipelago; Western Pacific; Leyte; Luzon; Southern Philippines; Ryukyus; China Offensive; Air Combat, Asiatic-Pacific Theater. Armed Forces Expeditionary Streamers. None. Decorations. Distinguished Unit Citations: Philippine Islands, 18–[20] Sep 1944; Japan, 9 Aug 1945. Air Force Outstanding Unit Awards: 1 Jan–31 Dec 1975; 1 Jan 1977–30 Apr 1978; 1 May 1982–30 Apr 1984; 1 Apr 1987–31 Mar 1989; 1 Apr 1989–31 Mar 1990. Philippine Presidential Unit Citation (WWII).



P-38 / F-5 Lightning in New Guinea

# The History of the Challenge Coin

During World War I, American volunteers from all parts of the country filled the newly formed flying squadrons. Some were wealthy scions attending colleges such as Yale and Harvard who quit in mid-term to join the war. In one squadron, a wealthy lieutenant ordered medallions struck in bronze carrying the squadron emblem for every member of his squadron. He himself carried his medallion in a small leather sack about his neck. Shortly after acquiring the medallions, the pilot's aircraft was severely damaged by ground fire. He was forced to land behind enemy lines and was immediately captured by a German patrol. In order to discourage his escape, the Germans took all of his personal identification except for the small leather pouch around his neck. In the meantime, he was taken to a French town near the front. Taking advantage of a bombardment that night, he donned civilian clothes and escaped. However, he was without personal identification. He succeeded in avoiding German patrols and reached the front lines. With great difficulty, he crossed no-man's-land. Eventually, he stumbled into a French outpost. Unfortunately, the French in the sector of the front had been plagued by saboteurs. They sometimes masqueraded as civilians and wore civilian clothes. Not recognizing the young pilot's American accent, the French thought him to be a German saboteur, and made ready to execute him. Just in time, he remembered his leather pouch containing the medallion. He showed the medallion to his would-be executioners. His French captors recognized the squadron insignia on the medallion and delayed long enough for him to confirm his identity. Instead of shooting him, they gave him a bottle of wine. Back at his squadron, it became a tradition to insure that all

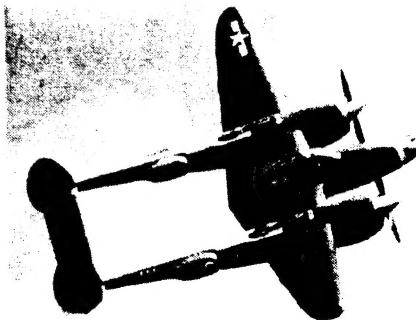
members carried their medallion or coin at all times. This was accomplished through a challenge in the following manner: a challenger would

ask to see the coin. If the challenged member could not produce his coin, he was required to purchase a drink for the member who had challenged him.

If the challenged member produced his coin, then the challenging member was required to pay for the drink.

This tradition continued throughout the war and for many years after while surviving members of the squadron were still alive.

The tradition was lost to the Air Force for more than fifty years. In part, this was due to the high cost of coinage and the difficulty of creating special medallions. In the late seventies, a weapons systems operator flying fighter aircraft in one of the reserve components uncovered this story while doing a paper at Air Command and Staff College. On completing his studies, he brought the tradition back to his squadron. Modern technology enabled high quality casting of the squadron insignia at a reasonable cost. The practice spread rapidly, first to fighter squadrons throughout both active duty and reserve components, and then to other military units throughout the Air Force. We are proud to continue this tradition.



P-38 / F-5 Lightning

## The True Story of Jeremiah Weed

by C. R. ANDERECKG

Every USAF fighter squadron has a lounge where the pilots sometimes gather for a cold beer after the flying day is over. Every refrigerator in each of those lounges contains a chilled bottle of a 100-proof product called Jeremiah Weed. For special occasions, and sometimes for no reason at all, someone will bring out the Weed, fill a shot glass for each person present, and propose a toast. At the conclusion of the toast, all down their Weed in a single gulp. It is not tasty. To many it seems like drinking kerosene, and it leaves a very strong aftertaste. Be that as it may, few refuse because the downing of a Weed is a ritual deeply imbedded in the fighter pilot culture. That ritual started long before today's squadron commanders were even in college, and stories abound as to how the custom started. A famous newsman once said, "When there is disagreement between the legend and the truth, always print the legend." Since I disagree, here is the true story of Jeremiah Weed, and I know it's true because I was part of it.

On December 1, 1978, I was flying as an instructor in the back seat of a F-4E, tail number 649, on a BFM hop out of the 414th FWSQ at Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada. The student in my front seat, Maj. Nort Nelson, was a highly experienced F-4 pilot with hundreds of combat hours. Leading the flight was Capt. Joe Bob Phillips, who had in his back seat Capt. Larry Ernst, an instructor who was just along for the ride. The mission called for Joe Bob to attack Nort in a scripted scenario that gave Nort the opportunity to use his best defensive BFM to defeat Joe Bob's attacks. The mission did not last long. On the first engagement, Nort managed to put the airplane into a position from which I judged that recovery was impossible. I ejected both of us from the jet. Neither of us was injured, and within an hour we were picked up by a helicopter that returned us to Nellis. It probably goes without saying that Nort and I had different views: he thought he could miss the ground; I did not. It was too close to bet my life on. The accident investigators agreed with me. They determined that ejection was the only possibility for survival. Further, they believed that if I had delayed more than a second, one or both of us would have died in the desert seventy miles north of Las Vegas.

A year later, both Joe Bob and Nort were members of the F-16 Multinational Operational Test and Evaluation squadron at Hill Air Force Base, Utah. On the first anniversary of the accident, they were flying to Nellis to participate in Red Flag. As they passed over the crash site, which Joe Bob easily found since he had circled our downed position many times, they sketched some brief road maps on cards in their cockpits and decided to return to the site by car. The next day, a Friday, they drove out of Las Vegas with a friend, Pete Mock, intending to find the site and camp out in the crater that the crashing airplane had gouged in the high desert. However, it was dark by the time they got to the dirt road they thought would lead them to the site. After a couple of aborted attempts to drive up dirt roads to nowhere, they decided to go back to a roadside café they had passed to ask directions.

They entered the Paranagh Bar and found no customers, only a bearded bartender who looked a lot like Grizzly Adams. When they told the bartender what they were up to, he was delighted to tell them he had seen the fire from the crashing airplane the day of the accident. Further, he was very pleased that

TO 1-SHOOTER'S-1 CL-1

he had three real fighter pilots in his bar. He had heard that fighter pilots knew many bar games (true), and he wanted to play games for drinks. When they balked at the idea, he persisted, and after much cajoling asked them if they knew the game "horses." They shook their heads no (not true). Over the next several minutes, the bartender "taught" them horses, finally saying that whoever lost had to buy a round of drinks. After three games of horses, the bartender had bought all three rounds. And after three rounds the pilots were a little less stressed to get to the crash site. Joe Bob asked the bartender if he knew how to do afterburners. No, the bartender said, he had never heard of that game. So, Joe Bob explained to him how a shot of brandy in a shot glass is ignited so that the alcohol on top burns, and then the drinker throws down the flaming shot. If done correctly, all the brandy is emptied from the shot glass, so that when the drinker puts the glass down, a small, blue flame still burns in the bottom. The bartender was eager to play but said he had no brandy. Nort suggested that any high-proof booze might work, and the bartender fumbled around under the bar for a moment. He straightened up and plopped a tall, brown bottle with a brown and green label on the bar, and said, "I've got this here stuff—it's 100 proof." The brand name on the green label proclaimed that it was Jeremiah Weed. The three fighter pilots filled their shot glasses and demonstrated, all three glasses returning to the bar empty except for a small blue flame flickering at the bottom.

The bartender immediately poured one for himself and lit the top. Now, these were no ordinary twentieth-century shot glasses. Joe Bob thought they might be from the 1800s because the glass was very thick, and the bottom was probably an inch of heavy glass. When the bartender picked his up, he held it by the bottom while he licked and smoothed the mustache of his thick beard out of the line of fire. He took several moments on his grooming, not realizing that as he held the thick glass at the bottom, the top near the fire was heating quickly. By the time he tilted his head back and put the glass to his lips....well, Joe Bob says you could probably hear the s-s-s-s-sizzle of the hot glass barbecuing the bartender's lips halfway to Las Vegas. Then the bartender made his second mistake and flinched. The flaming Weed went all over his beard, and by the time Joe Bob, Nort, and Pete could beat out the flames, the bar was filled with the smell of cooked lips and singed hair.

As soon as things calmed down a bit, the trio, feeling badly that they had not paid for a drink all night and greatly embarrassed that they had nearly immolated their new friend, bought another bottle of Weed from him and left again for the crash site, this time guided by one of the bartender's friends who had entered the bar just in time to witness and smell the blistering. The friend showed them the correct dirt road, and the trio found the crash crater, where they spent the rest of the night camped out and drinking the entire bottle of Weed. The next morning they dragged themselves out of the crater, gathered a few souvenirs from the parts still lying around, and headed straight for the Nellis Air Force Base Officers' Club. There they found the manager, showed her the empty bottle, and strongly suggested she add it to the bar stock. She did. Soon, the Nellis fighter pilots were downing shots of Weed (nonflaming) for no good reason except it was different, and it was a good excuse to toast "fallen comrades." As Red Flags came through the Nellis club, they saw the weapons school guys doing it, so they did it, too.

And that is the true story of how Jeremiah Weed started.

TO 1-SHOOTER'S-1 CL-1



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE  
AIR EDUCATION AND TRAINING COMMAND

MEMORANDUM TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

FROM: Squadron Apology Officer

SUBJECT: Squadron Apology Letter

1. The member of this squadron would like to apologize for the following reasons:

- ( ) Golfing while intoxicated (GWI)
- ( ) Bowling while intoxicated (BWI)
- ( ) Walking while intoxicated (WWI)
- ( ) Singing while intoxicated (SWI)
- ( ) Stealing your squadron's mascot
- ( ) Missed dental appointment
- ( ) Missed social actions appointment
- ( ) Not wearing a hat from our car to the club
- ( ) Pissing off the Security Forces for \_\_\_\_\_ again!
- ( ) Giving Shit to non-singing shoe clerks in the club
- ( ) For Plagiarism in order to write fighter pilot songs
- ( ) Blanket Apology (to be marked only when apologizing for squadron actions in advance for the next sixth month period).

//SIGNED//

JOE SHIT, the Rag Man  
Squadron Apology Letter

***The Air Force Song***

Off we go into the wild blue yonder  
 Climbing high into the sun  
 Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
 At 'em boys give her the gun  
 Down we dive spouting our flames from under  
 Off with one helluva roar  
 We live in fame or go down in flame  
 Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder  
 Sent it high into the blue  
 Hands of men blasted the world asunder  
 How they lived God only knew  
 Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer  
 Gave us wings ever to soar  
 With scouts before and bombers galore (Hey!)  
 Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky  
 To a friend we send the message of his brother men who fly  
 We drink, to those, who gave their all of old  
 Then down, we roar, to score the rainbow's pot of gold  
 Here's a toast to the host of men we boast the U.S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild blue yonder  
 Keep the wings level and true  
 If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder  
 Keep the nose out of the blue  
 Flying men guarding our nations borders  
 We'll be there followed by more  
 In echelon we carry on  
 Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force

***O'Leary's Bar***

'Twas a cold winter's evening;  
 the guests were all leaving,  
 O'Leary was closing the bar.  
 When he turned and he said to a lady in red,  
 "Get out. You can't stay where you are."

Well, she wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer,  
 As she thought of the cold night ahead,  
 When a gentleman dapper  
 Stepped out of the crapper,  
 And these are the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her,  
 The things a young girl should know,  
 About the ways of Air Force Men,  
 And how they come and go.  
 Now age has taken away her beauty,  
 And sin has left its sad scar,  
 So remember your mothers,  
 And fuck all the others,  
 And let her sleep under the bar."

***I Love My Wife***

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do. I love her truly.  
 I love the hole...that she pisses through, that she pisses  
 through.  
 I love her ruby red lips and her lily white tits,  
 And the hair around her asshole.  
 I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp,  
 With a rusty spoon, with a rusty spoon.

"The fighter pilots have to rove the area allotted to them in any way they like, and  
 when they spot an enemy, they attack and shoot him down – anything else is  
 rubbish!" – Manfred von Richthofen

TO 1-SHOOTER'S-1 CL-1

### Swing Low

(With visual signals)

Swing low, sweet chariot, (ptooey!)  
Comin' for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot, (ptooey!)  
Comin' for to carry me home.

Well I looked over Jordan and what did I see? (ptooey!)  
Comin' for to carry me home.  
A band of angels (ptooey!), comin' after me, (ptooey!)  
Comin' for to carry me home.

**Further versions:** Humming, Comm out, Chinese, Underwater,  
Barbaric, etc.

### Balls of O'Leary

The balls of, O'Leary, are wrinkled, and hairy.  
They're shapely, and stately, like the dome of, St. Paul.

The women, all muster, to view that, great cluster.  
Oh they stand and they stare at the bloody great pair of  
O'Leary's balls.

### Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb.  
Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow.

It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one  
day.  
It followed her to school one day...**and a big black dog fucked**  
**it!**

"Fuck, fight, or go for your guns." – Joe Shit, the Rag Man

TO 1-SHOOTER'S-1 CL-1

### Dear Mom

Knock-Knock  
Who's there?  
It's Western Union, ma'am.

*Oh really, do you have a telegram for me? Would you sing it for  
me? I've never had a singing telegram before.*

*Ma'am, I'm not sure this is the kind of telegram you should sing.  
Please, oh please, sing it!*

*Well, okay, here it goes:*

Dear mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today.  
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's Highway.  
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted him ass.  
Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm.

He went across the fence, to see what he could see.  
And there it was, just as plain as it could be.  
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.  
Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call.  
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."  
He said, "That's all right, I'll send you Shooter flight!,"  
For I have the power.

The fighters checked right in, gunfighters two by two,  
Low on gas and tanker overdue.  
They asked the FAC to mark, just where that truck was parked,  
Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm.

The FAC he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,  
Exactly where that fucking truck was parked.  
But the rest is in doubt, because he never rolled out.  
Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm.

CONTINUED

Dear mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today.  
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's Highway.  
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.  
Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm.

Him, him, fuck him!  
How did he go? – Straight In!  
What was he doing? – ~~250~~ 169  
Indicated? – Yeah!

***Hail Britannia***

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
Three Chinese firecrackers up her ass, Go  
BAM! BAM! BAM!

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
Two Chinese firecrackers up her ass, Go  
BAM! BAM! \_\_\_\_\_

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
One Chinese firecracker up her ass, Go  
BAM! \_\_\_\_\_

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
No Chinese firecrackers up her ass, Go  
\_\_\_\_\_

***Sally***

Sally in the ally sifting cinders,  
Lifts up her leg and farts like a man.  
The wind from her ass blew out six windows,  
The cheeks of her ass went...BAM! BAM! BAM!

"You fight like you train." – Randy Cunningham, USN, 5 kills

***The Engineer Song***

An engineer told me before he died,  
A rum titty, rum titty, rum titty, rum.  
An engineer told me before he died,  
And I've got no reason to believe he lied,  
A rum titty, rum titty, rum titty, rum,  
A rum titty, rum titty, rum titty, rum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide, A rum titty...  
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,  
She said could not be satisfied, A rum titty..., A rum titty...

So he built a bloody great wheel, A rum titty...  
So he built a bloody great wheel,  
With two brass balls and a prick of steel, A rum titty..., A rum  
titty...

The two brass balls were filled with cream, A rum titty...  
The two brass balls were filled with cream,  
And the bloody whole thing was run by steam, A rum titty..., A rum  
titty...

He laid his wife upon the bed, A rum titty...  
He laid his wife upon the bed,  
And tied her legs behind her head, A rum titty..., A rum titty...

He put the machine in the position of fuck, A rum titty...  
He put the machine in the position of fuck,  
And wished his wife the best of luck, A rum titty..., A rum titty...

Round and round went the bloody great wheel, A rum titty...  
Round and round went the bloody great wheel,  
And in and out went the prick of steel, A rum titty..., A rum titty...

Up and up went the level of steam, A rum titty...  
Up and up went the level of steam,  
And down and down went the level of cream, A rum titty..., A  
rum titty...

TO 1-SHOOTER'S-1 CL-1

'Til at last his wife she cried, A rum titty...  
'Til at last his wife she cried,  
"Enough, enough – I'm satisfied!" A rum titty..., A rum titty...

Now we come to the tragic bit, A rum titty...  
Now we come to the tragic bit,  
There was no way of stopping it, A rum titty..., A rum titty...

It split his wife from ass to tit, A rum titty...  
It split his wife from ass to tit,  
And the bloody whole kit was covered with shit, A rum titty..., A  
rum titty...

And now we come to the part that's grim, A rum titty...  
And now we come to the part that's grim,  
It jumped off her and jumped on him, A rum titty..., A rum titty...

### Mary Anne Burns

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all acrobats.  
She could do tricks that would give a man the shits.  
She could flip a green pea from her fundamental orifice,  
Do a double back flip and catch 'em on her tits.

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch, twice as big as me,  
With hair around her ass like branches on a tree.  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,  
Fly a plane, drive a truck.  
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me.

TO 1-SHOOTER'S-1 CL-1

### Adeline Schmidt

There was an young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,  
Who went to the doctor, 'cause she couldn't shit.  
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,  
Then up went the window and out went her ass!

(Chorus – Repeat after each verse)  
*It was brown(brown, brown), brown (brown, brown), shit all around.  
It was brown(brown, brown), brown (brown, brown), shit all around.  
It was brown(brown, brown), brown (brown, brown), shit all around.  
The whole world was covered with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!*

A handsome young copper was walking his beat.  
He happened to be on that side of the street.  
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,  
When a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye!

He looked to the east and he looked to the west,  
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the chest.  
He looked to the north and looked to the south,  
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the mouth.

That handsome young copper he CURSED AND HE SPORE!  
He called that young maiden a DIRTY OLD WHORE!  
Beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit,  
With a sign 'round his neck saying "BLINDED BY SHIT!"

### By the Light

By the light, ssh, ssh, ssh – ssh, ssh, ssh  
Of the flickering match, ssh, ssh, ssh – ssh, ssh, ssh  
I saw her snatch, ssh, ssh, ssh – ssh, ssh, ssh  
In the watermelon patch, ssh, ssh, ssh – ssh, ssh, ssh

By the light, ssh, ssh, ssh – ssh, ssh, ssh  
Of the flickering match, ssh, ssh, ssh – ssh, ssh, ssh  
I saw her gleam, I heard her scream  
"You are burning my snatch!", ssh, ssh, ssh – ssh, ssh, ssh  
With your goddamn match!

"Why let rank lead, when ability can do it better?" –  
Randy Cunningham, USN, 5 kills

***I Fucked a Dead Whore by the Roadside***

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead.  
The skin was all gone from her belly,  
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her,  
I knew I'd committed a sin.  
So I put my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the wad I shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I shot in. (Shot in!)

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I shot in.

I sucked out my wad from her pussy,  
I sucked out my wad from her ear.  
I sucked out my wad from between her big tits,  
And then I sucked down a cold beer.

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I shot in. (Shot in!)

Sucked out, sucked out, I sucked out the wad I shot in.

KOHS - 1A

My father makes rum in the bathtub,  
My mother makes two kinds of gin.  
My sister makes love for a living,  
My God how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in. (Rolls in!)  
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,  
He saves little girlies from sin.  
He'll save you a blond for five dollars,  
My God how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in. (Rolls in!)  
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in.

**CONTINUED** ➤

My uncle makes nudie Frenchy postcards,  
My auntie she poses for him.  
Her costumes cost nary a penny,  
My God how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in. (Rolls in!)  
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in.

I tried making all kinds of whisky,  
I tried making all kinds of gin.  
I tried making love for a living,  
My God the condition I'm in.

Sin, sin, sin, sin, My God the condition I'm in. (I'm in!)  
Sin, sin, sin, sin, My God the condition I'm in.

My father he died in the bathtub,  
My mother she died in the gin.  
My sister she married my brother,  
My God what a mess I am in!

***Along A Northeast Railroad***

Along a northeast railroad, One bright and sunny day  
By the wreckage of his Thunderchief, the young pursuer lay.  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, He was not yet quite dead  
Now listen to, the very last words, the young pursuer said.

"I'm going to a better land, where everything is right.  
Whiskey flows from telegraph poles, play poker every night.  
There's not a fucking thing to do, 'cept sit around and sing.  
I chase the pretty pooyang, Oh death – where is thy sting?

Oh death, where is thy sting, Oh death where is thy sting.  
The bells of hell may ring-a-ling-a-ling, For you but not for me.  
Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass,  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass,  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass,  
Better days are coming by and by...Bullshit!!

**Gang Bang**

(Chorus)

I love a gang bang, I always will,  
 Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill.  
 When I was younger, and in my prime,  
 I used to gang bang all the time.  
 But now I'm older, and turning gray,  
 I only gang bang once a day.

Knock, Knock ... Who's there?

Anita – Anita gang bang...  
 Gladiator – Gladiator out before the gang bang...  
 Eisenhower – I's an hour late for the gang bang  
 Wanda – I want to gang bang...  
 Ben Hur – I'd bend her over for a gang bang...  
 Eilene – I'd lean her over for a gang bang...  
 Banana – Banana na na banana na...  
 Orange – Orange you glad I didn't say banana...  
 Emerson – 'Em are some nice tits, bitch...Would you like to gang  
 bang...  
 Sheila – She loves a gang bang...  
 Eulha – You love to gang bang, you always will  
 Gorilla – Girl of my dreams, I need a gang bang...

**I Don't Want to Join the Air Force**

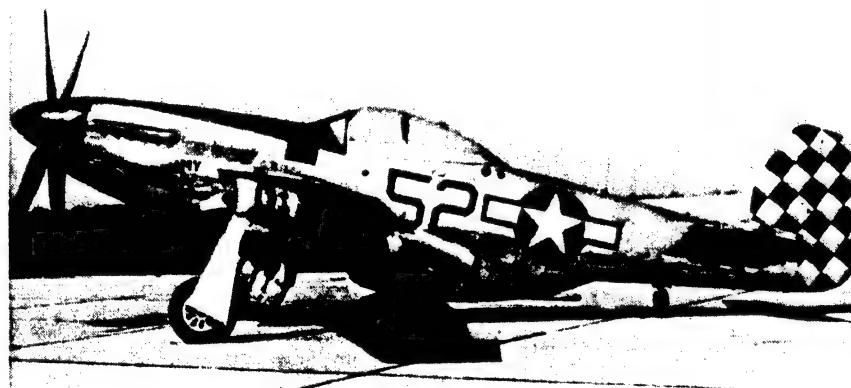
I don't want to join the Air Force,  
 I don't want to go to war,  
 I'd rather hang around, Piccadilli Underground,  
 Living off the earnings of a high class lady.

I don't want a bullet up me asshole,  
 I don't want me buttocks shot away.  
 I'd rather live in England, in merry, merry England,  
 And fornicate my fucking life away! Cor blimey!

CONTINUED

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
 Wednesday I confess, I lifted up her dress,  
 On Thursday I saw it, Cor blimey,  
 Friday I put my hand upon it,  
 Saturday she gave my balls a tweak, (Tweak, tweak!)  
 On Sunday after supper, I rammed my 'ole boy up her,  
 And now she wants it seven days a week!

(Repeat first and second verse)



P-51 / F-6 Mustang

You win wars by killing the enemy by the thousands, not one at a time at FL 260.

***Sammy Small***

Oh my name is Sammy Small...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball,  
 But that's better than none at all, So fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I shot a man...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I shot a man...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I shot him dead, with a piece of fucking lead,  
 Now that silly fucker's dead, So fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I'm gonna swing...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I'm gonna swing...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I'm gonna swing, from a piece of fucking string,  
 What a silly fucking thing, So fuck 'em all.

Oh the parson he will come...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the parson he will come...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the parson he will come, with his tales of Kingdom Come,  
 He can shove it up his bum, So fuck 'em all.

Oh the hangman wears a mask...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the hangman wears a mask...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task,  
 He can shove it up his ass, So fuck 'em all.

Oh the sheriff will be there too...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the sheriff will be there too...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew,  
 They've got fuck all else to do, So fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I greased the rope...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I greased the rope...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I greased the rope, with a piece of fucking soap,  
 What a silly fucking joke, So fuck 'em all.

**CONTINUED**

(With reverence)

I saw Molly in the crowd...Fuck 'em all.  
 I saw Molly in the crowd...Fuck 'em all.  
 I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud,  
 That I shouted right out loud, "FUCK 'EM ALL!"

Oh the hangman dropped the rope...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the hangman dropped the rope...Fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the hangman dropped the rope, now my fucking neck is  
 broke,  
 What a silly fucking joke, So fuck 'em all.

***Burning Piles - A Toast***

May the burning piles distress you, may corns adorn your feet.  
 May crabs as big as horse turds, climb on your balls to eat. And  
 when you're old and feeble, and near a physical wreck, may  
 your head fall through your asshole and break your fucking neck.

***The Fireman***

*Clang, Clang went the bell!*  
*Oh, to be a fireman...To drive a fire engine red.*  
*To say to a team of white horses,*  
*GIVE ME HEAD! GIVE ME HEAD! GIVE ME HEAD!*

My father was a fireman...He puts out fires!  
 My brother was a fireman...He puts out fires!  
 My sister Sal was a fireman's gal...She puts out too!  
 (Without her pants on!)

My father was a bus driver...He goes downtown!  
 My brother was a bus driver...He goes downtown!  
 My sister Sal was a bus driver's gal...She goes down too!  
 (Without her pants on!)

Sword swallower, Glass blower, Brick layer

***Beastiality***

(Chorus)

*Beastiality's great mate, Beastiality's great! (Fuck a wallaby!)  
Beastiality's great mate, Beastiality's great!*

*Shove your log in a dog mate, Shove your log in a dog! (Fuck a wallaby)*

*Shove your log in a dog mate, Shove your log in a dog!  
'cause... (Chorus)*

In the twat of a cat mate...

Sixty-nine with a porcupine...

Use your tool in a mule mate...

Butt fuck a duck mate...

Shoot your load in a toad mate...

Shoot your goo in a roo mate...

Up the crack of a yack mate...

Shove your hog in a frog mate...

***Ai, Yi, Yi, Yi***

(Chorus)

*Ai, Yi, Yi, Yi,*

- Fighter pilots eat pussy.

- Your mother swims out after troop ships

- Your father licks moose cum off pine cones

- Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls

- Your brother jacks off in confession

- Your grandmother douches with Drano

- Your grandfather fills cream doughnuts

- Your aunt does squat thrusts on fire hydrants

- Your uncle eats lunch at the sperm bank

- You can't say fuck in the O'club

- Your brother pukes twice a day and eats it

- Your nephew eats toe jam from crocodiles

- Your sister sucks boils off of buffaloes

- Your underwear has skid marks from chili

- Your sister eats eel sperm off of driftwood

**CONTINUED** ➤

- Your sister chews crab lice from scrotums
- Your father fucks frogs in the forest
- Your grandpa sniffs old swollen tampons

*So sing me another verse,  
That's worse than the other verse,  
And waltz me around by my willie!*

*There once was a lady from Decatur,  
Who was laid by a big alligator,  
Now nobody knew the result of that screw,  
Cause after he laid her he ate her.*

*There once was a young man from Wheeling,  
Who pounded his pud with great feeling.  
Then like a trout, he'd stick his mouth out,  
And wait for the drops from the ceiling.*

*There once was a girl name Louise,  
Whose cunt hairs hung down to her knees.  
The crabs in her twat, tied the hair in a knot,  
And constructed a flying trapeze.*

*There was a young man from Kildair,  
Who did a young lass on the stair.  
The banister broke, so he doubled his stroke,  
And he finished her off in the air.*

*There once was a girl from France,  
Who boarded a train by chance.  
The engineer fucked her, as did the conductor,  
And the brakeman went off in his pants.*

*There once was a man from Bombay,  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.  
The heat of his prick turned the clay into brick,  
And rubbed all his foreskin away.*

**CONTINUED** ➤

There once was a man from Boston,  
Who drove a little red Austin.  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas,  
But his balls hung out, and he lost 'em!

There once was a man from Nantucket,  
Who's dick was so long he could suck it.  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin,  
"If my ear was a cunt I would fuck it!"

There once was a girl named Alice,  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.  
They found her vagina in North Carolina,  
And one of her tits down in Dallas!

There once was a whore from the Azores,  
Whose cunt had incredible siph sores.  
The dogs in the street used to eat the green meat,  
That hung in festoons from her drawers!

There once was a young man from Sparta,  
Who was the world's champion farter.  
On the strength of one bean, he played "God Save the Queen,"  
And Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

There once was a pilot from K-2,  
Who buggered a girl from Taegu.  
He said to the doc as he handed him his cock,  
"Will I lose both my testicles too?"

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,  
With his hand on the butt of his madam.  
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth,  
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was a young man from Brighton,  
Who said, "My dear, you've got a tight one."  
Said she, "Oh, my soul, you have the wrong hole...  
It's the one up in front that's the right one."

CONTINUED

There once was a lady from Weaver,  
Who had an affair with a beaver.  
The result of that fuck was two geese and a duck,  
And an off-colored golden retriever.

There once was a hermit named Dave,  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave.  
He said, "I'll admit. She does stink a bit,  
But think of the money I save."

***The Mouse***

The liquor was spilled on the bar room floor,  
As the bar was closing for the night.  
When out of his hole crept a little brown mouse,  
And sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor,  
And back on his haunches he sat.  
And all night long you can hear him roar,  
"BRING ON THE GODDAMN CAT! HIC!"



RF-84 Thunderjet

***Music Man***

(Chorus)

(Solo) I am the music man, I come from down your way,  
And I can play.

(Group) What can you play?

(Solo) I can play the...

Porker driver	Fuckin' A I've blacked out...
Tomcat driver	Fuckin' A my wings broke..
AWACS controller	Fuckin' A I'm midnight...
Shithouse door	Oh, bang a bang a bang...
Piccolo	Oh, picka picka picka lo...
F-4 driver	Fuckin' A I've lost sight...
Michael Jackson	Fuckin' A my hair's on fire...
Hornet driver	Fuckin' A my pussy hurts...
Eagle driver	Fuckin' A I'm shit hot...

***The Duchess***

Oh the duchess was a dressing,  
A Dressing for the ball,  
When out the window she did spy him pissing on the wall.

(Chorus)

With his lily white kidney wipers,  
And balls the size of these,  
And a half of yard of foreskin, hanging down below his  
knees.

Hanging down, swinging free,  
With a half of yard of foreskin, hanging down below his  
knees.

So she sent to him a letter,  
And in it she did say,  
"I'd rather be fucked by you than by my husband any day."

**CONTINUED** ➤

So he mounted on his charger,  
And through the streets he did ride,  
With his balls slung over her shoulder and his cock down by his  
side.

Oh he rode into the courtyard,  
He rode into the hall.  
"My God" cried the butler, "He's come to fuck us all!"

Oh he fucked the cook in the kitchen,  
He fucked the maid in the hall,  
But when he fucked the butler, 'twas the dirtiest fuck of all.

Then he mounted on his charger,  
And rode into the street,  
With little drops of semen pitter-pattering at his feet.

Oh they say he's gone to Heaven,  
They say he's gone to hell,  
They say he's fucked the devil, and I know he fucks him well.

Oh the moral of the story,  
Stands true to this day,  
If you need a Fighting Cock, he will be there right away!

***I Want to Play Piano in a Whorehouse***

Oh, I want to play piano in a whorehouse,  
That is but my one desire.  
Some men want to be farmers,  
Or ranchers out in Butte,  
I just want to play in a house of ill repute.

Don't deny me my humble aspiration,  
For carnal copulation's here to stay.  
I don't want more fame or riches,  
I wanna play for those old bitches,  
I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

**Here's to the Girl I Love - A Toast**

Here's to the girl that I love best. I'd fuck her East, I'd fuck her West. I'd fuck her standing, sitting, lying. If she had wings, I'd fuck her flying. And when she's dead but not forgotten, I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

**The Baby Seal Song**

Way up north where it is cold, they ain't got much gold.  
So they make they're livin off the seal skins they've sold.  
But me I like the killin, 'cuz its so fulfillin,  
And I hate to see a baby seal grow old.

(Chorus)  
*Don't bludgeon a seal 'cuz you want a meal.  
You do it 'cuz you want to make that little sucker squeal.  
You bash 'em on the cranium and you do it just for kicks,  
Then you poke out its eyes with your eye pokin sticks.*

My daddy was a little mean, my Mama was a bit obscene.  
Maybe that's the reason that I feel the way I do.  
You may not believe me, but my woman wants to leave me,  
So I guess I'll take it out on a baby seal.

Slice 'em, dice 'em, roto-till 'em,  
Chop 'em up, or just plain kill 'em.  
Skin comes off with just a little rip. (RIP! RIP!)  
The liberals want to lock me up, 'cuz I killed a seal pup.  
I take their skins and tie them up in little bales.  
But I know it won't be long before all the seals are gone...  
So I guess we'll have to start wiping out the whales!

People, people don't you cry, 'cuz I know that when I die,  
I'll be coming back as a baby seal!

**Seven Drunken Nights**

As I came home on **MONDAY** night  
As drunk as drunk should be,  
I spied a **HORSE OUTSIDE ME DOOR**  
Where my own **HORSE** should be.

So I calls me wife and says to her  
(Chorus) "Hey wife, you hair-lip bitch, you filthy slut!"  
Would you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that **HORSE OUTSIDE ME DOOR**  
Where me own **HORSE** should be?

You're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool,  
And still you cannot see,  
Well that's a lovely **SOW**  
That me mother gave to me.

Well, its many a day I've traveled  
One hundred miles or more,  
But a **SADDLE ON A SOW** like that,  
I've never seen before!

Tuesday	Coat behind me door Blanket Buttons on a blanket
Wednesday	Pipe upon me chair Tin whistle Tobacky in a tin whistle
Thursday	Two boots beneath me bed Geranium pots Boot laces on a geranium pot
Friday	Head upon me bed Lovely baby boy Whiskers on a baby boy

**CONTINUED** ➤

Saturday	Willy between her dilly Hammer Hammer with a head like that
Sunday	Man outside me door a little after three Fucking Bat who came calling after me Fucking Bat that could last 'till three

***Yogi Bear Song***

There's a bear that we all know, Yogi, Yogi!  
 There's a bear that we all know, he's a Yogi Bear.  
 He's a Yogi Bear, He's a Yogi Bear.  
 There's a bear that we all know, he's a Yogi Bear.

Yogi eats bush and leaves  
 Yogi's dick is long and green  
 Yogi's got a ten inch dick  
 Yogi did not use a condom  
 Yogi's got a case of crabs  
 Yogi likes to roll his own  
 Yogi's got a girlfriend  
 Cindi's into lingerie  
 Cindi has a shaved snatch  
 Cindi takes it up the ass  
 Cindi does not wipe  
 Cindi's tampon has no string  
 Yogi's got a little friend  
 Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool  
 Boo-Boo has a girlfriend  
 Suzi she has great big tits  
 Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth  
 Cindi has a girlfriend  
 Yogi Bear has got AIDS

Koala  
 Cucum  
 Lucky  
 Daddy  
 Itchy  
 Smokey  
 Cindi  
 Teddy  
 Grizzly  
 Dirty  
 Brown  
 Cotton  
 Boo-Boo  
 Wanker  
 Suzi  
 More than  
 Gummi  
 Klondike  
 Dead

***Scottish Wedding***

Four and twenty virgins, came down from Iverness  
 And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

(Chorus)  
*Balls to your partner,  
 Your ass against the wall.  
 If you've never been laid on Saturday night,  
 You've never been laid at all!*

Oh the king was in the counting house, counting up his wealth,  
 The queen was in the bedroom playing with herself.

Oh the bride was in the bathroom, explaining to the groom,  
 The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

Oh the groom was in the bathroom, explaining to the bride,  
 The penis, not the scrotum is the part that goes inside.

Oh the village parson he was there, in his purple shroud,  
 A swinging from the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated right in front,  
 A wreath of roses round her neck, and a carrot up her cunt.

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits,  
 Diving from the mantle piece, and landing on her tits.

There was fucking in the hay loft, fucking in the ricks,  
 You couldn't hear the music for the sloshing of the pricks.

There was fucking in the hallways, fucking on the stairs,  
 You couldn't see the carpet for the cum and pubic hairs.

There was fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats,  
 Some were fucking sheep, and some were fucking goats.

Little Tommy he was there, he was only eight,  
 He was too young to participate, so he had to masturbate.

The village butcher he was there, cleaver knife in hand,  
Every time he turned around, he circumcised a man.

The village whore she was there, sitting on the floor,  
Every time she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

The village harlot she was there, doing quite a stunt,  
She spread her legs real far apart and whistled through her cunt.

The village magician he was there, now this is quite a trick,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head and vanished up his prick.

The village blind man he was there, now this is quite a tale,  
He lined the girls along the wall and fingered them in Braille.

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much,  
He lined the girls along the wall and fucked them with his crutch.

*MF* The village economist he was there, peter in his hand,  
Waiting for the time when supply would meet demand.

The village teacher she was there, she didn't bring her stick,  
She wasn't much to look at, but she sure could take a prick.

The village blacksmith he was there, he had balls of brass,  
Every time he took a step, sparks shot out his ass.

And when the ball was over, nothing could be found,  
But four and twenty maidenheads, lying on the ground.

#### Gunpowder and Pussy – A Toast

Here's to gunpowder and pussy,  
Live by one, die by the other,  
Love the smell of both!

#### The Wild West Show

(Solo) "Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to  
the Wild West Show."

(Chorus)  
Oh, we're off to see the Wild West Show,  
The elephants and the kangaroos.  
No matter what the weather, as long as we're together,  
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

(Solo) "Tonight for you we have the most fantastic,  
incredible animal acts ever seen before the eyes of man on  
the face of this earth. Tonight for you we have the  
famous..."

(Group) "Fantastic, incredible, tell us about the  
motherfucker!"

Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Bird

The Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies  
along at 21,500 feet looking for targets. As he spies his prey,  
he folds his wings and starts down at a precise 69 degree dive.  
Down he goes gaining speed. 18,000, 10,000. His vision  
begins to blur from the wind blast. 6.9 thousand. Faster and  
faster. 3000, 1500, 500. He starts to pull out. 100, 50. He puts  
out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and says, "Ki,  
Ki, Ki, Krist, that was close!"

#### Fukawi Tribe

The Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe  
of three foot tall pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass.  
They spend their whole live going around saying, "Where the  
fuck are we?!"

CONTINUED

**Lulu, the Tattooed Lady**

Lulu, the Tattooed Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a "W" tattooed on her left cheek and a "W" tattooed on her right cheek. When she bends over she spells "WOW" and when she stands on her head, she spells "MOM." But when she does cartwheels, she spells "WOW MOM, WOW MOM."

**Mathematical Impossibility**

The Mathematical Impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl around who was ate before she was seven.

**Shoe Clerk**

The Shoe Clerk is a very strange human-like animal. He's the only animal known that you can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb.

**Lulu, the Tattooed Lady's Sister**

Lulu, the Tattooed Lady's Sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has "Merry Christmas" tattooed on one this and "Happy New Year" tattooed on the other thigh. Then she says, "Why don't all you Cocks come up and see me between the holidays?"

**PFFFFT Bird**

The PFFFFT Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three foot long right wing and a four foot long left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles until he flies up his own ass and goes PFFFFT.

**OOH-OOH-AH Bird**

The OOH-OOH-AH Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird with a four foot long scrotum and only three foot long legs. When he come in for a landing, he goes, "OOH-OOH, AHHHH!!!

**CONTINUED** ➤

**BOOM Rat-A-Tat-Tat-Bird**

The BOOM Rat-A-Tat-Tat-Bird is a very close cousin of the OOH-OOH-AH bird. It also has a four foot long scrotum and three foot long legs, but he lands on corrugated roofs and goes, "BOOM, Rat-A-Tat-Tat-Tat!"

**Peanut Butter Lady**

The Peanut Butter Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She's the only lady around that when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth.

**Tight Skinned Owl**

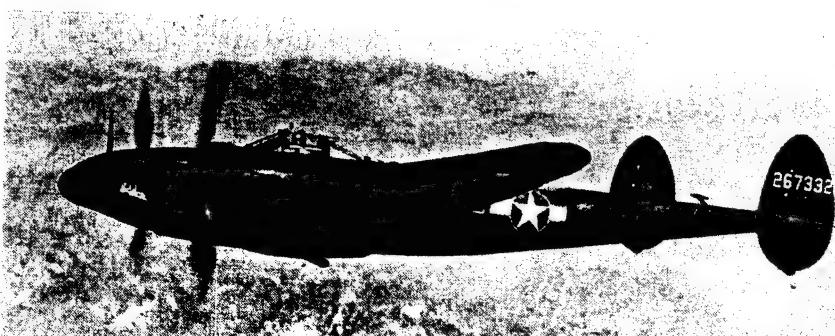
The Tight Skinned Owl is an owl whose skin is so tight that when he blinks, he masturbates himself. Little boys have been known to jack him off my throwing sand in his eyes.

**Dentist**

The Dentist is a very strange creature indeed. He's the only guy around that you pay so he'll put his "tool" in your mouth.

**Female Horny Bird**

The Female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her lonely cry, "Wantsome, Wantsome!" The male horny bird is know by his cry, "Herit-tis, Herit-tis!"



**P-38 / F-5 Lightning**

**The Friar**

There was a friar of great renown.  
 There was a friar of great renown.  
 There was a friar of great renown,  
 Until he fucked a girl from out of town.  
 Fucked a girl form out of town.

*(Chorus)*

Ha, ha, ha, Ho, ho, ho, horse shit.  
 That dirty old son of a bitch.  
 That rotten old cocksucker.  
 What'd he ever do for us? Nothing! Fuck him!

He laid her in a feather bed. (x3)  
 And then he twisted out her maidenhead.  
 Twisted out her maidenhead.

She said "Kind sir, please cease and quit." (x3)  
 So then he bit her on the rosy tit.  
 Bit her on the rosy tit.

He laid her on a mossy stump. (x3)  
 And then he missed her cunt and split the stump.  
 Missed her cunt and split the stump.

He laid her down beside a pond. (x3)  
 And then he fucked her with his magic wand.  
 Fucked her with his magic wand.

He laid her on the dewy grass. (x3)  
 And then he shoved his pecker up her ass.  
 Shoved his pecker up her ass.

He took her to the countryside. (x3)  
 And then he fucked the girl until she died.  
 Fucked the girl until she died.

**CONTINUED** ➤

He took her to the burial ground. (x3)  
 And then he thought he'd have another round.  
 Thought he'd have another round.

He buried her on Chestnut Street. (x3)  
 And then he sat on her grave and beat his meat.  
 Sat on her grave and beat his meat.

**A Quick Song**

Oh, the nipples on her tits are as big as plums,  
 And the wiggle in her walk will make a dead man cum.  
 She's a mean motherfucker, and a great cocksucker,  
 She's my girl, she FUCKS !!!!

**Four Eagle Drivers (Viper Drivers)**

Four Eagle Drives went to war - Taboo, Taboo  
 Four Eagle Drives went to war - Taboo, Taboo  
 Four Eagle drivers went to war  
 To fuck the women and even the score  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

Four Eagle drivers crossed the line – Taboo, Taboo  
 Four Eagle drivers crossed the line – Taboo, Taboo  
 Four Eagle drivers crossed the line  
 To eat the women and drink the wine  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

They came upon a wayside inn – Taboo, Taboo  
 They came upon a wayside inn – Taboo, Taboo  
 They came upon a wayside inn  
 And kicked the fucking door right in  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

**CONTINUED** ➤

The innkeeper had a daughter fair – Taboo, Taboo  
 The innkeeper had a daughter fair – Taboo, Taboo  
 The innkeeper had a daughter fair  
 With big round tits and long blond hair  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

They tied her to a feather bed – Taboo, Taboo  
 They tied her to a feather bed – Taboo, Taboo  
 They tied her to a feather bed  
 And fucked her till she was almost dead  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

The innkeeper he was so ashamed – Taboo, Taboo  
 The innkeeper he was so ashamed – Taboo, Taboo  
 The innkeeper he was so ashamed  
 He fucked her back to life again  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

The innkeeper got himself a gun – Taboo, Taboo  
 The innkeeper got himself a gun – Taboo, Taboo  
 The innkeeper got himself a gun  
 And shot their balls off one by one  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

Four Eagle drivers went to hell – Taboo, Taboo  
 Four Eagle drivers went to hell – Taboo, Taboo  
 Four Eagle drivers went to hell  
 And fucked the Devil's daughter as well  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

*(With Reverence)*  
 The moral of the story is – Taboo, Taboo  
 The moral of the story is – Taboo, Taboo  
 The moral of the story is  
**NEVER FUCK IN A FEATHER BED**  
 And they all cried Fox 3, we're kicking your ass, Taboo

***There Are No Fighter Pilots Down In Hell***

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell, (x2)  
 Oh, the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,  
 Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

*(Chorus)*  
*Singin' glorious, victorious,*  
*One keg of beer for the four of us,*  
*Singin' glory be to God that there are no more of us,*  
*Cause one of us could drink it all alone,*  
*Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the squadron!*

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing, (x2)  
 Oh, the place is full of brass, sitting on their big fat ass,  
 Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing.

Oh, a bomber pilot's life is but a farce, (x2)  
 With the auto-pilot on, reading Playboy in the john,  
 Oh, a bomber pilot's life is but a farce.

You can tell a navigator by his ass, (x2)  
 'Cause it's forty inches wide, getting wider every ride,  
 You can tell a navigator by his ass.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States, (x2)  
 They're all on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,  
 Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh, there are no Navy pilots in the fray, (x2)  
 'Cause they're all in USO's, wearing women's fancy clothes,  
 Oh, there are no Navy pilots in the fray.

"99% of S.A. is knowing what's going on"  
 - Dwight Murdock

**Air Force Lament**

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky,  
 With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly,  
 But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long  
 gone by,  
 The Air Force is shot to hell.

*(Chorus)*

*Glory flying regulations,  
 Have them read at every station.  
 Crucify the man who breaks one,  
 The Air Force is shot to hell.*

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thousand strong,  
 A mighty airbourne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,  
 But now it's only memory It only lives in song,  
 The Air Force is gone to hell

The lordly Flying Fortress and the Liberator too,  
 Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,  
 But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,  
 And we can't fly for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song,  
 About the wild blue yonder In the days when men were strong,  
 But now, we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong,  
 The Air Force is gone to hell      *Chorus*

I've seen them in their T-rbolts their eyes were dancing flame,  
 I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,  
 But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame,  
 Their spirit's shot to hell.

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak,  
 And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,  
 But now they all play ping-pong in the operations shack,  
 Their technique's gone to hell.

**CONTINUED** →

You heard your pounding fifties blaze from wings of polished steel,  
 The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,  
 But now, the L-5 charms you with its moaning, groaning squeal,  
 And it won't climb for hell.

**Chorus**

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin,  
 Have you aimed her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din,  
 Have you tried to do it lately? better not; you'll auger in,  
 And then you'll sure catch hell!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angels' game,  
 We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame,  
 But now that's all verboten and we're all so gol-durn tame,  
 Our spirits shot to hell.

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,  
 We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,  
 But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,  
 Or you will burn in Hell!      *Chorus*

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old,  
 When pilots took their choice of being old, or young and bold,  
 Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old,  
 The Air Force is gone to hell

But smile awhile, my pilots though your eyes may still be wet,  
 Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set,  
 And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let,  
 The Air Force fly like hell!

Final Chorus:  
*Glory, no more regulations,  
 Rip them down at every station.  
 Ground the guy who tries to make one,  
 And let us fly like hell!*

***Blow Job***

Boppity-bop-bop a dang-a-dang dang a ding-a-dong ding

Blow job – you leave me gasping for air,  
I'd like to cum in mid-air  
And rub it into your hair (into your hair)

Boppity-bop-bop a dang-a-dang dang a ding-a-dong ding

Cunnilingus – I'd like to give you repast  
You'd suck a fart from my ass  
You've got so goddamn much class (got so much class)

And when you put your lips to my sweet penis,  
I'd like to get something stiff between us.  
You make me dream of passion on Venus,  
And the way that you grease up your anus!!!

Boppity-bop-bop a dang-a-dang dang a ding-a-dong ding

Blow job – you leave me gasping for air,  
I'd like to cum in midair  
And rub it into your hair (into your hair)  
Boppity-bop-bop a dang-a-dang dang a ding-a-dong ding  
**BLOW JOB.**

***Shithouse***

Please don't burn the shithouse down,  
Mother's willing to pay.  
My father's drunk,  
And in the jail,  
Sister's in a motherly way.  
Brother dear is mighty queer,  
Times are fucking hard.  
So, please don't burn  
That shithouse down,  
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard. (Shit in the yard!!!)

***The S&M Man***

Who can take two ice picks,  
Stick 'em in her ears,  
Ride her like a Harley  
Till the cum comes out her ears.

(Chorus)  
*The S&M man, the S&M man,  
The S&M man, cuz he mixes it with pain  
And makes the hurt feel good.*

Who can take a cheese grater,  
Strap it to his arm,  
Ram it up her cunt  
And make vagina parmesan.

Who can take your girlfriend,  
Rip the bitch in two,  
Fuck the bottom half  
And throw the other half at you.

Who can take a dead corpse,  
Plug up all the holes,  
Fuck it up the ass  
Until the cum comes out it's nose.

***The Fighter Pilot's Toast***

Here's to me in my sober mood, When I ramble, sit and think.  
Here's to me in my drunken mood, When I gamble, sin and drink.  
But when my flying days are over, And from this world I pass,  
I hope they bury me upside down, So the whole world can **KISS MY ASS!**

"The US relies on the USAF and the AF has never been the decisive factor in the history of wars"  
Saddam Hussein, 1990

**B-L-O-W-J-O-B**

Blow job, Blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 Blow job, Blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 West side, East side, North side, South,  
 My baby really likes it when I come in her mouth,  
 Blow job, Blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B, da, da, da, da, da, da

Tit fuck, Tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 Tit fuck, Tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 North side, South side, East side, West,  
 My baby really likes it when I come on her breast,  
 Tit fuck, Tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K, da, da, da, da, da, da,

Hand job, Hand job, H-A-N-D-J-O-B, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 Hand job, Hand job, H-A-N-D-J-O-B, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 Hawaii, Acapulco, Fiji, Guam,  
 My baby really likes it when I come on her palm,  
 Hand job, Hand job, H-A-N-D-J-O-B, da, da, da, da, da, da,

Butt fuck, Butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 Butt fuck, Butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K, da, da, da, da, da, da,  
 North side, South side, West side, East,  
 My baby really likes it when I come on her cheeks,  
 Butt fuck, Butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K, da, da, da, da, da, da,

**The Men Song**

Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men,

Men are better than women!  
 Men are bigger,  
 Men are stronger,  
 Men are better than women!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !!!!!

"A fighter pilot is not drunk if he can hold onto a single blade of grass with his lips and not fall off the face of the earth!"

**Ivan Skavinski Skavar**

Oh, the harems of Egypt are fair to behold, and the maidens the fairest of all,  
 The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a Sheik, one Abdul Abbubal Amer.

A traveling brothel was brought into town, by a Russian who came from afar,  
 And a challenge went wide as to who could outride, Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly and his balls hanging low with desire,  
 He wagered a million that he could outride, Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

So this spectacle great was all set for a date 'twas to be refereed by the Czar,  
 And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined , with Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack and the starter's gun punctured the air,  
 They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn and Abdul revved up like a car,  
 But he hadn't a hope, 'gainst the long easy stroke, of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun, he bent down to pick up his pair,  
 When something red-hot, up his rear track was shot, and Abdul the Bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen, they were ordered apart by the Czar,  
 But so fast they were stuck , it was fucking bad luck, for Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

**CONTINUED** ➤

The cream of the joke when at last they were broke, it was  
laughed at for years by the Czar,  
For Abdul, the fool had left half of his tool, in Ivan Skavinksy  
Skavar.

***I Used to Work In Chicago*****(Chorus)**

*I used to work in Chicago, in the old department store.  
I used to work in Chicago, I don't work there anymore.*

A lady came in for a **hammer**,  
(Group) A **hammer** from the store?  
**A hammer she wanted, nailed she got,**  
I don't work there anymore!

**Other Verses:**

Jewelry ... pearl necklace  
Nail ... screwed  
Meat ... sausage  
Helicopter ... my chopper  
Kitkat ... four fingers  
Beef ... pork  
Wrench ... my tool  
Cat ... pussy I got  
Screwdriver ... screwed

Carpet ... shag  
Fishing rod ... my pole  
Screen door ... back door  
Camel ... hump  
Translator ... cunning linguist  
Bolt ... two nuts  
Some velvet ... felt  
Donkey ... her ass I got  
Fuck ... FUCK

***Dikki-Di-Do***

The mayor of Awkenberry had a lovely young daughter,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

If she was my daughter, I'd have them cut shorter,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

**(Chorus)**

*To her knees, to her knees,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.*

I've smelt it, I've felt it, it felt like a bit of velvet,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

I've seen it, I've seen it, I've been in between it,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

**(Chorus)**

T'would take a brontosaurus to lick her clitoris,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

She stood on a mountain and pissed like a bloody fountain,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

**(Chorus)**

One red one, one black one and one with a little shit on,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

It took a Welsh miner to find her vagina,  
And the hair on her Dikki-Di-Do hung down to her knees.

**(Chorus)*****Counting to 10?***

- 1 Hen
- 2 Ducks
- 3 Squawking geese
- 4 Limerick oysters
- 5 Corpulent porpoises
- 6 Pairs of Don L. Vesser tweezers
- 7 Thousand Macedonian warriors charging forth in full battle armor
- 8 Brass monkeys from the ancient secret crypts of Egypt
- 9 Apathetic, sympathetic, old men on roller skates with a marked propensity for procrastination and sloth
- 10 Lyrical, spherical, diabolical Dennisons of the deep who quoth  
quay through query of the quarry both simultaneously and at the same time

***The Victor Alert Song***

Reading our porno, picking our asses,  
 Checking the forms out and passing our gasses.  
 Silver sleek F-105 strapped below, nuclear war,  
 And we're ready to go. Oomph pa, pa, Oomph pa, pa.

Departing orbit, our pits start to sweat,  
 We'll kill those Russkies and that's a sure bet.  
 Killing those fuckers and covering them with dirt,  
 That's why we like sitting Victor Alert.  
 Oomph pa, pa. Oomph pa, pa.

Fagots and Frescos and Fishbeds and Farmers,  
 Goas and Gainfuls and big goddamn bombers.  
 Tubbrick and Cheesbrick and Quad 23,  
 Just thinking of it scares the shit out of me.  
 Oomph pa, pa. Oomph pa, pa.

When the Colonels ping, when the Phantoms broke,  
 When I'm feeling sad, I think of that glorious white mushroom  
 cloud,  
 And then I don't feel, then I don't feel, so bad.

***Lupee***

Down in Cunt Valley where red rivers flow,  
 Where cocksuckers flourish and whoremongers grow,  
 'Twas there I met Lupee, the girl I adore...  
 She's my hot-fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

(Chorus)  
*She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll gnaw at your nuts.  
 She'll wrap her legs round you and squeeze out your guts.  
 She'll wrap her legs round you 'til you think you'll die.  
 I'd rather eat Lupee than blueberry pie.*

CONTINUED

I was down in Silver Town, out drinking one night.  
 I was hitting the high spots and doing all right.  
 There I saw a floor show with Lupee as the star.  
 She was fucking the major on top of the bar.

His kness were all bloody, he had sores on his toes.  
 Sweat poured from his balls and it dripped from his nose.  
 From Lupee the laughter was pouring in peals,  
 As she clawed him and pounded his ass with her heels.

Said Lupee disgusted, "Ain't none of you Cocks,  
 That can fuck for ten minutes without blowing your rocks!"  
 She stood there defiant with a gleam in her eye,  
 As a long, lanky flyboy unbuttoned his fly.

Her gleam didn't wilt when he showed her his cock.  
 It was 16.7 inches from bottom to top.  
 Said he, "Stand back, gentlemen, and let me through,  
 Cause this is where Lupee meets her Waterloo!"

Now Lupee, dear Lupee, lies dead in her tomb,  
 And worms crawl out of her decomposed womb.  
 The smile on her face is a mute cry for more,  
 She's my hot-fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

***The War Cry***

Bo tuh lay lay,  
 Tuh lay lay tiki tonga,  
 Masa wasa waa-a sah,  
 Oooo bu dwaaa bu dwa-ah waa way.

(repeat several times getting louder)

WE ARE WARRIORS,  
 WE FIGHT WARS,  
 WITH MISSILES,  
 AND little bitty bullets.

***Toast to Those That Fly***

We fly in the purple twilight.  
 We fly in the silvery dawn.  
 With smoke trails following after,  
 To show where our comrades have gone.

So stand by your glasses ready.  
 Don't let a tear leave your eye.  
 Here's to the dead already,  
 And hurrah to the next man to die.

Oh we are the boys that they send out to fly,  
 A bosom buddies a booze'n are we.  
 We are the boys that they send out to die,  
 A bosom buddies a booze'n are we.

The boys up at Seventh they scream and they shout,  
 They scream about things they know Fuck all about.  
 Oh we are the boys that they send out to die,  
 A bosom buddies a booze'n are we.

***The Rodeo Song***

Well it's forty below and I don't give a fuck,  
 Gotta heater in the truck and I'm off to the rodeo...  
 And it's element left, element right,  
 Come on you fuckin' dummy get your right step right,  
 Get off the stage you goddamn dude you know,  
 You piss me off, ya fuckin' jerk, you get on my nerves.

Well here comes Johnny with his pecker in his hand,  
 He's a one ball man and he's off to the rodeo...  
 And it's element left, element right,  
 Come on you fuckin' dummy get your right step right,  
 Get off the stage you goddamn dude you know,  
 You piss me off, ya fuckin' jerk, you get on my nerves.

**CONTINUED** ➤

Well it's forty below and I ain't got no truck,  
 And I don't give a fuck cause I'm off to the rodeo...  
 And it's element left, element right,  
 Come on you fuckin' dummy get your right step right,  
 Get off the stage you goddamn dude you know,  
 You piss me off, ya fuckin' jerk, you get on my nerves.

Well here comes Johnny with his pecker in his hand,  
 He's a one ball man and he's off to the rodeo...  
 And it's element left, element right,  
 Come on you fuckin' dummy get your right step right,  
 Get off the stage you goddamn dude you know,  
 You piss me off, ya fuckin' jerk, you get on my nerves.

***Cope North Rodeo Song***

Oh, it's forty below, and it don't mean a thing,  
 I got heaters on my wing, and I'm off to the rodeo...

(Chorus)  
*Lead break left, two's lost sight,  
 C'mon, ya fucking dummy, get your right nine right,  
 Stay on my wing, you goddamn dude, ya know...  
 You piss me off, you fucking jerk, you get on my nerves!*

Oh, I'm ten from the merge, and my radar's a mort,  
 I don't have a sort, and I'm off to the rodeo...

Well, the hell with my heater, gonna have some fun,  
 I'm closing for guns, and I'm off to the rodeo...

Well, her comes a porker pilot with his pecker in his hand,  
 He's a one-balled man, and he's off to the rodeo...  
 Well it's tally three, save a wiper for me,  
 C'mon, ya fucker, let me see 9 G's,  
 I call a kill, you don't remove ya know...  
 You piss me off, you fucking jerk, you get on my nerves!

***It's a Lie***

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell a bombardier,  
 You can tell a bomber pilot, by the spread around his rear,  
 You can tell a navigator by his sextant, maps and such,  
 You can tell a fighter jockey, but you can't tell him much.

*(Chorus)*

*It's a lie, it's a lie,  
 You can tell the silly bastards,  
 It's a lie, lie, lie.  
 It's a lie, it's a lie,  
 You can tell the silly bastards,  
 It's a silly fucking lie.*

First lady forward and the second lady back,  
 Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.  
 Now all gather round to the center of the room,  
 Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the fucking room?

Flying fucking phantoms down at forty fucking feet,  
 Fly 'em through the snow and even through the fucking sleet.  
 First you fly the fucker up and then you fly the fucker down,  
 And you'll be the first to know it when you hit the fucking ground!

Rollin' in on target with your burners all aglow,  
 You put you pipper on them and let your napalm go.  
 First you jink to the left and then jink out to the right,  
 And you hit the deck a running and make it home another night.



RF-84 Thunderjet

***AMRAAM Song***

I like the way the missile contrail streaks  
 Across the sky so blue

I shot that thing a few miles ago  
 And it's already looking for you.

*(Chorus)*

*I shot a long range active AMRAAM,  
 And I know it won't let me down,  
 'Cuz I've already turned my - Jet around.*

I found out a long time ago  
 What a slammer can do for your soul.

When it finds that Mig it's looking for,  
 Next thing you know it's a smoking hole.

I get this feeling I should leave here now  
 And leave it up to my little friend.

Your spike's no longer scream in both my ears  
 That tells me I will never see you again.



# GAMES

YOU CAN'T BE FLYING ALL THE TIME SO.....

## 21 Aces

A game of chance played with 5 dice and a cup

- The player who rolls the 21<sup>st</sup> ace buys the round
- To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all five dice again until he does not roll any aces. He then passes the cup to the next player
- Each player will continue to roll all 5 dice until the 17<sup>th</sup> ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled.
- One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have only one die left to roll for the 21<sup>st</sup> ace.

## Majorca 21 Aces

The game is played the same as 21 aces except the player who rolls the 17<sup>th</sup> ace orders a drink with four liquors in it. The player who rolled the 14<sup>th</sup> ace pays for the drink. The player who rolls the 21<sup>st</sup> ace drinks the drink.

## 4,5,6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot (money). Each player in turn can bet (cover) part or all of the pot. After the entire pot is covered or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually against each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled.

## The following rules apply:

- 4,5,6 roll is an automatic winner
- 1,2,3 roll is an automatic loser
- 6 point is an automatic winner
- 1 point is an automatic loser
- Trips are an automatic winner
- A tie is a push with no money exchanged

## The following rules apply to the pot:

- Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4,5,6
- The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left

## The following rules apply to passing the hammer:

- When the entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor
- If someone rolls a 4,5,6 he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round
- If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer

## CRUD

## STANDARD, NUMB-NUTS !!!

## Deceased Insect

If you don't know how to play Deceased Insect, ask any FIGHTER PILOT! (Preferably in a crowded bar !!!)

"A fighter pilot is not drunk if he can hold onto a single blade of grass with his lips and not fall off the face of the earth!"

**Dollar Bill Game**

A game of chance played with the serial numbers of any bill denomination (Hoonyackers are legal), to promote the consumption of any stimulating beverage. The holder of the hammer draws a dollar bill from his wallet. He then asks the person on his right or left to choose the first two or last two numbers of the series. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to guess between 0-99. He will state whether the guess is high or low. This continues around until some fool guesses the number and buys his friends a round. If play continues around to the hammer, he must take the next closest number by one.

**Combat Rules**

- First two or last two is determined prior to drawing the dollar bill
- The hammer has one look at the bill and places it face down on the table
- The hammer responds only once (high or low) for each guess. If he forgets, he buys.
- If anyone has to ask, what's high or low, he buys but play continues for another round of drinks
- The hammer may claim any number is the point (LIE!)
- If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge. If the hammer is in error (Caught Lying), the hammer buys. But if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
- Anyone who guesses outside the high or low bracket buys, and the game continues

**Oujongbu**

A game of chance played with five dice...the object being to win.  
**Basic Rules**

- Highest total score at the end of the game buys.
- Threes count as zero (threes are free) and should be pulled.
- Roll all five dice on first roll.
- On each roll, one die is rolled, and a minimum of one must be pulled. The point showing is your point. You must roll one die though.

- 
- The remaining die are collected and rolled again
  - Again, a die is rolled over and that point is added to the growing total
  - Repeat until all dice have become points. Total your score and pass the cup.
  - Remember, because "threes are free" they should be pulled prior to turning the point die over. But, if your last die is a three, it must be turned to a four point because one die must be turned over on each roll.

**Combat Rules**

- Each player must preflight his ordnance. Roll less than five die, you buy!
- Insulting the dice: if the value of the dice you select as the point die is already showing on another die and you turn over the die instead of just pulling the other die, you buy.
- Stacking the die, you buy
- Rolling the die off the bar or table, you buy
- Asking what the point is...heinous. You buy!

**Reflex**

Object of the game is not to be the last one to slap the bar. All hands are placed 6 inches above the bar. On the count of three, everyone slaps the bar and the last one buys a round.

**Pigs**

Now realize jackass – you need a set of PIGS, and no, not the chicks your used to dealing with. The game is simple – roll the pigs and keep score following the chart below. This is a great game for a long airlift or boring TDYs at a remote place with nothing to do.

**Rules:**

First, here is a table on the roll possibilities and point values:

Razorback 	5 Points	2x Razorback 	20 Points
Trotter 	5 Points	2x Trotter 	20 Points
Snouter 	10 Points	2x Snouter 	40 Points
Leaning Jowler 	15 Points	2x Leaning Jowler 	60 Points
Pig-Out 	Back To Zero For Turn	2x Sides or	1 Point
Oinker 	Back To Zero For Game	Mixed 	The Two Values Added Together

The rules are simple. Two to four players may compete. The first player to reach 100 points or more is the winner. When it is your turn, you roll. If you get a Pig-Out or an Oinker, then you pass the pigs onto the next player. If you get anything else, you may decide to roll again or pass the pigs. If you keep rolling again, you accumulate points to add to your bank but beware for if you get a Pig-Out, then all your points accumulated this turn disappears.

"99% of S.A. is knowing what's going on"  
- Dwight Murdock

Here's to the perfect girl,  
I couldn't ask for more.  
She's deaf 'n dumb, oversexed,  
and owns a liquor store.

Four blessings upon you...  
Older whiskey  
Younger women  
Faster Jets  
More money

39		36
43		22
		24
		52